

Church Universal

Calendar.
 25. M. SS. Corpus and Crispian.—1.
 26. T. St. Andrew.—347,799 for sinners.
 27. W. St. Philip.—826,804 for in-
 temperate.
 28. Th. SS. Simon and Jude.—921,610 for
 spiritual favors.
 29. F. St. Narcissus.—984,884 for tempo-
 rary favors.
 30. S. Vigil.—East.—St. Alphonsus Ro-
 driguez.—1,942,601 for special vari-
 ous.
 31. S. 2d after Pentecost.—St. Quin-
 tin.—2. Phil. 1, 6-11.—G. Matt.
 xxii. 15-21.—for Messenger read-
 ings.

THE GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER.

Recommended by His Holiness, Pius
 The Catholic Intention.

What common sense is in the domain
 of daily life, such is Catholicism in the
 affairs of faith. When set rules
 of action are lacking or obscure in their
 application, when precedent cannot be
 found, and no one is near to advise
 us, then it is that common sense comes
 to our rescue, and leads us through
 paths where no sure guide is at hand,
 to exactly the same way there are mo-
 ments in the soul's life when the ordi-
 nary landmarks are swept away or
 hidden, when action is imperative, yet
 error, imminent, and the voice of God
 cannot be heard; our instinct for what
 is Catholic can then be our only stay.
 This instinct is, as it were, a spiritual
 sense and unerring perception of the
 soul by which we instinctively and un-
 consciously judge or act as the infallible
 Church would do. It was this instinct
 which led the Christians of the fourth
 century to shrink from Arius, years
 before his council at Nicaea, and it was
 this instinct which prompted the popu-
 lace of Constantinople to rise up and
 reject their heretical patriarch; it is
 this instinct which today inspires
 the ignorant to condemn the doctrines
 of modern free-thought. More
 today than ever before is the Catholic
 instinct needed. Men are casting off
 the incense of tradition and are setting
 up their own ideas as the color of
 the future. Against such we must be-
 ware. The Catholic instinct is fostered by
 a devout Catholic life. It is the natural
 result of a life such as the Church
 wishes all her children to lead, and
 makes its presence felt when it is most
 needed, for those who walk in God's
 ways.

ANOTHER CHAPEL CAR.

It Will Be Purchased and Furnished
 by Priests of the Country.

Another chapel car, to supplement the
 good work of St. Anthony's new famous
 "church on wheels," is a possibility of
 the near future. The project had its in-
 ception at the recent mission congress
 in Washington, when Rev. Luke Evers
 of New York started the ball rolling
 with a contribution of \$500 and the of-
 fer to raise \$500 more by his own ef-
 forts. Father Evers suggested that the
 funds for the new car should be raised
 by the priests of this country exclu-
 sively, and the suggestion found favor
 with those present.

A chapel car is worth about \$12,000,
 but the directors of the project hope to
 secure a Pullman car that is new and
 at a cost of about \$6,000. This figure
 includes the cost of remodeling the
 car.

The new car will be named "Plus X."
 It is to be finished in blue, the color of
 the Blessed Mother, with the shield and
 motto of the Holy Father painted out-
 side. It is to be an offering of the
 priests for mission work in honor of the
 Pope, who would "restore all things in
 Christ."

No subscriptions are asked or will be
 accepted from laymen or from priests
 outside the United States. The Church
 Extension society will own and operate
 the car. The society has four years of
 experience that chapel cars are made self-
 supporting by giving them two months
 of exhibition and ten months of mission
 work. The Baptists have five such cars
 and have employed them for years.

To Our Lady of the Rosary.

Give me a rose, my Mother—
 A rose, I pray—
 Out of your fadless garden,
 Upon the scented petals
 Your blessing lay;
 Ah, give me, dearest Mother,
 A rose, pray!

What color will the rose be,
 O Mother bright?
 Argent as moon that shineth
 In summer night?
 White as your soul, O Mary—
 Unspotted by the stain of sin?
 Yes, give me, sweetest Mother,
 A rose, all white!

Or will the petals, Mother,
 Be crimson dyed?
 Like the deep red that flowed from
 Your Son's cleft side—
 Red as your great compassion,
 That ebbside died?
 Give me this rose, my Mother—
 Deep crimson dyed!

Another rose, my Mother—
 A rose of gold,
 Each petal a ray of glory—
 The glory that is the most sig-
 nificant phenomena of the modern
 world.

The present generation is willing, and
 indeed eager, to be led; but it
 is averse to being driven, and it wants
 to understand the grounds and sanc-
 tions of authoritative decisions.
 In this simple and natural faith there
 will be no place for metaphysical com-
 plexities or magical rites; much less for
 obscure dogmas, the result of compro-
 mises in turbulent conventions.

The new religion will make but slow
 progress, so far as outward organiza-
 tion goes. It will, however, progres-
 sively modify the creeds and religious
 practices of all the existing churches
 and change their symbolism and their
 teachings concerning the conduct of
 life.

Everyone now believes that there is
 in man an animating ruling char-
 acteristic essence, or spirit, which is
 himself. This spirit, dull or bright,
 petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out
 of the eyes, sounds in the voice and
 shows in the manners of each indi-

vidual. It is what we call the person-
 ality.
 The religion of the future will not be
 gloomy, ascetic, or maudlin. It will
 be a religion of the most magnificent
 powers, neither in Satan nor in witches, neither
 in the evil eye nor in the malign sug-
 gestion.

The new religion will not rely on
 either a sudden conversion in this
 world, or a sudden paradise in the next,
 from out a sensual, selfish, or dishon-
 est life. It will teach that repentance
 wipes out nothing in the past, and is
 only the first step toward reformation
 and a sign of a better future.

The new religion rejects the entire
 conception of man as a fallen being,
 hopelessly wicked, and tending down-
 ward by nature; and it makes this
 optimistic rejection of long-accepted be-
 liefs because it finds them all in con-
 sistent with a humane, civilized, or
 worthy idea of God.

It is evident that the authority both
 of the most authoritative churches and
 of the Bible as a verbally inspired
 guide is already greatly impaired, and
 that the tendency toward liberty is
 progressive, and among educated men
 irresistible.

The new religion will animate and
 guide ordinary men and women, who
 are putting into practice religious con-
 ceptions which result directly from
 their own observation and precious ex-
 perience of the world, sympathy, trust
 and solemn joy. It will be most wel-
 come to the men and women who cher-
 ish and exhibit incessant, all-compre-
 hending good-will. These are the
 "good" people who are the only
 genuine civilized persons.

The religion of a multitude of hu-
 mane persons in the twentieth century
 may be called without inexcusable ex-
 aggeration a "new religion" not that
 a single one of its doctrines and prac-
 tices is really new in essence, but only
 that the wider acceptance and better
 actual applications of truths familiar
 to the past at many times and in many
 places, but which have been hitherto
 multitude or put in force on a large
 scale, are new.

Voice a Stage Asset.

"Do you want a position in the chorus
 of the 'Merry Lark'?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Can you sing?"
 "Not very well."
 "Can you read music—have you any
 ear for it?"

"Well, I am sorry, but you won't do.
 This chorus has got to have girls who
 can sing as well as look pretty."
 This is the substance of a conversation
 between a manager of a Broadway
 "show" and a young girl who wanted
 to go on the stage. It is illustrative
 of the importance that theatrical man-
 agers are attaching to the value of the
 voice, and the importance of the actor
 who has an important part in a musical
 production. But whether it be musical or
 not, knowledge of music and the ability
 to sing, if but a little, are becoming
 of increasing value to many other at-
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 of the importance that theatrical man-
 agers are attaching to the value of the
 voice, and the importance of the actor
 who has an important part in a musical
 production.

There is a revival of the tattoo habit
 in Germany, according to an article
 published in a Frankfurt paper. Here-
 tofore, the writer says, it was difficult
 to find a tattooed subject who had
 been decorated with one of the im-
 port towns. The men were sailors,
 and the few women who had fallen
 into the habit were wives or sweet-
 hearts of tattooed men.

The tattoo artist now finds willing
 subjects for his art among people who
 never saw a sailor or the sea. Re-
 cently a man at Munich noticed that
 the arm of a young laborer who was
 pushing a loaded luggage cart was
 elaborately tattooed, and he asked the
 young fellow why he had submitted to
 the painful operation and why he had
 chosen the portrait of a German philo-
 sopher to decorate his arm. "That's
 Nietzsche," he said, "I like his face,
 and he wrote 'Thou shalt fight.' I
 like the sentiment as much as the
 face, and he struggled laboriously
 pushing the burden."

The larger part of the tattoo artists
 tattoo artists ask their clients to make
 selections include portraits of Lincoln,
 Franklin, Grant and Roosevelt, and
 pictures of New York's highest sky-
 scrapers.

Santos Dumont First Flyer.

(From the New York Press.)
 Pan-America rejoices that our gal-
 lant aviator, Santos Dumont, again
 strikes the blast to the tune of
 55 miles the hour. He is a rare av-
 iator, the first the flew in public
 and showed an astounded world the
 miracle of a man's flight. He is a
 whole world prodigy, and his name
 should be fastened to a star or be-
 stowed upon the first convenient com-
 ing comet. Brazil may call the name
 of Dumont in letters 50 feet high across
 the face of the peak of the Sugar Loaf
 mountain at the entrance to the harbor
 of Rio de Janeiro as a monument of
 the nation's greatest achievement.

His father, old man Dumont, a French-
 man, was the pioneer coffee man in
 the big Santos district of Brazil. He
 sold out his plantation a number of years
 ago to a syndicate. Two brothers are
 quiet bankers in the city of San Paulo,
 Brazil. Santos was believed for a long
 time to be a mere nutty spendthrift.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(From the Chicago News.)
 Some small men manage to acquire
 big monuments.
 Be sure you are right and then keep
 everlastingly at it.

Many a man who is proud of his wife
 is afraid to admit it.
 When a man tries to act superior it's
 a sign that he needs to act.

You'll never win if you wait for the
 other fellow to boost your game.
 It is fortunate that the self-made
 man is so often satisfied with the job.

Bumping up against people who have
 no curiosity gives the gospel a jolt.
 There may be nothing new under the
 sun, but there are lots of fresh people.

Some men imagine that the only
 place where good fellowship exists is
 in front of a bar.
 Of course, people talk about about
 everybody you know?

The memory of the average witness
 when he breaks into court is either
 very good or very bad.

The Century Plant a Myth.

(From the Seattle Times.)
 The delusion of many women in Se-
 attle who believe they possess a "cen-
 tury cactus" has been shaken by the
 rude florists, who pronounce the plants
 to be "just ordinary cactus."

The regular century plant, said
 Robert Shank, who was born among
 flowers and has made floriculture a
 business for twenty-two years, "is not
 a cactus. It belongs to a family of it-
 self. It has a large, broad leaf, some-
 times two or three feet long and sev-
 eral inches thick where they branch from
 the center. There are two varieties, one
 the variegated and the other green. The
 only difference is that the variegated
 has a white stripe along the outer
 edge of the leaf. They bloom every
 twenty-five to forty years. A stock
 perhaps eight or ten inches in diameter
 shoots up from the center to a height
 of two or three feet. The top of the
 stock clusters small blossoms. They
 are neither pretty nor fragrant. They
 were formerly supposed to bloom once
 in 100 years."

The strangest thing to a century plant
 is a night-blooming cereus. It is a cae-

especially so for the man on the organ
 bench. How many are struggling to
 acquire it?

The education of an organist is sup-
 posed to include harmony, counter-
 point, composition, improvisation, his-
 tory, and a host of other subjects. He
 must also understand the voice, be able to train
 boys as well as adults, know something
 about the art of dictation, conduct, and
 so on. I could continue indefinitely,
 so broad is the subject.

For a successful recital there are
 several things necessary to acquire.
 The technique for both hands and
 feet should be such that the works of
 the great masters will receive an in-
 terpretation that will raise them above
 the ordinary level and be placed in the
 virtuosic class.

Virtuosity is a necessity for recital
 work, not only in the dexterity of hands
 and feet, but in the general manage-
 ment of the instrument, tone coloring,
 combining of stops and quick changes
 of registration, in order that the
 rhythm is not broken or interfered
 with.

Alexander Guilmant says: "Never
 change the registration if by so doing
 the rhythm must be broken. An or-
 chestra always plays with unbroken
 rhythm. Why, therefore, should we
 hear it done all too frequently on the
 organ?"

Rhythm is of paramount importance
 in organ playing. Break it, and the
 attention of the audience is interrupted
 and diverted.

"When There Is No One 'Round to See."

"Th' meanest cuss I ever knew,"
 Abe Wilkins said one day to me.
 "Behind our back, he's done good."
 "Where there was none of us to see,
 One night I caught him trudging down
 Th' road, a basket on his arm.
 'Where are ye off to now?' said I.
 'Says he: 'To Widdler Murphy's farm.'"

"An' then he took me to one side,
 'Don't tell a soul of this,' says he.
 'The widdler's kids are awful poor.'
 'The only friend they've got is me.
 'I'm takin' them some grub 't eat—
 'Th' widdler's poorly, don't ye know,
 'I'm helpin' him along a bit.
 'But don't tell folks I told ye so.'"

"Untill that night I used t' say
 'There wasn't a bit o' good in him;
 I used t' think he'd throw a brick
 'T help a man who couldn't swim.
 But then he was in 'meest cuss
 I ever knew, a settin' out
 To do an act of good unseen.
 An' didn't want it talked about."

"An' since that time I've changed my
 mind.
 I look at men much different now.
 I view their meannesses, an' say
 'There's some good in 'em anyhow.'
 An' tain't for me to judge 'em bad.
 From what they may appear to be,
 I reckon they must be some good.
 When there is no one 'round to see."
 —Detroit Free Press.

Tattooing Again in Favor.

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 in Germany, according to an article
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 tofore, the writer says, it was difficult
 to find a tattooed subject who had
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Could Not Infringe on Noon Hour.

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer.)
 F. W. Ayer, the well known adver-
 tising agent, at the dinner in Philadel-
 phia in honor of the firm's fortieth an-
 niversary, said that to succeed in ad-
 vertising required fast work.

"The successes in this business are
 stupendous," he said, "but some folks
 think they come easily. Some folks
 think that working as Robertson of
 Canada, and a man can build up a
 great advertising fortune."

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was
 engaged on a Mickle Street house. One
 day, as he was lunching, he was heard
 to give a yelp, and he said:
 "'What's the matter, Roebottom? a
 carpenter asked.
 "'I got a nail in my foot,' the roofer
 answered.
 "'Well, why don't you pull it out?'"
 said the carpenter.

"What, in my dinner hour?" yelled
 Roebottom, reproachfully.

St. Francis' Canticle to the Sun.

(Composed by St. Francis of Assisi a
 short time before his death, Oct. 4,
 1228.)
 Most high, omnipotent, good Lord,
 Praise, glory and honor and benediction
 —all, are Thine.

To Thee alone do they belong, most high,
 And there is no man fit to mention Thee.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all
 Thy creatures,
 Especially for my worshipful brother
 Sun.

The sun lights up the day, and
 gives his light to our brotherhood
 and beautifies him and radiant with
 splendor great.
 Of Thee, most high, significance gives.

Praised be my Lord for sister moon and
 for the stars,
 In heaven Thou hast forever set them
 clear and precious and fair.

Praised be my Lord for brother wind
 And for the air and clouds and fair
 and every kind of weather,
 By which Thou givest to Thy creatures
 nourishment.

Praised be my Lord for sister water,
 To which is great goodness and hum-
 ble and precious and pure.

Praised be my Lord for brother fire,
 By which Thou lightest up the dark.
 And he is and gay and mighty and
 strong.

Praised be my Lord for our sister,
 mother earth.
 The which sustains and keeps us,
 And brings forth divers fruits with
 grass and flowers bright.

Praised be my Lord for those who for
 Thy love forgive
 And weakness bear and tribulation.
 Blessed those who shall in peace en-
 dure.
 For by Thee, most high, they shall be
 crowned.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the
 bodily death.
 From which no living man can flee:
 Woe to them who die in mortal sin;
 Blessed those who shall find themselves
 in Thy most holy will.
 For them the second death shall do no
 ill.

Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and
 give Him thanks.
 And be subject unto Him with great hu-
 mility.

Parental Loyalty.

(From the Baltimore American.)
 "Did the father of the bride give her
 away?"
 "Far from it. He told the bride-
 groom that she had the disposition of an
 angel."

tus and blooms once in about every
 twenty-five years or so. The flower is
 large, very beautiful and has a deli-
 cious odor. One plant may have several
 blossoms, but each flower lasts only one
 night.

There is no such plant as a "century
 cactus." This cactus that many have
 mistaken for a "century cactus" will
 bloom in four or five years, if kept un-
 der glass or about seven years if not in
 a hothouse. Because they are so long
 in blooming, I suppose they have been
 called a "century cactus," and the name
 has been handed down until it is con-
 sidered the proper term for them. They
 bloom yearly after the first blossoms
 appear. They are just an ordinary cae-
 tus, but they have a pretty, fragrant
 flower."

Ancient County of Galway.

A recent issue of the Galway Archae-
 ological and Antiquarian Society's Journal
 contained a curious and historically
 interesting paper from the pen of R. J.
 Kelly, B. L., who is one of the society's
 founders and vice presidents. The ar-
 ticle is an account of the "Famotures
 and settlements of 1661 of lands in
 County Galway. By the act of Nov. 30,
 1660, of Charles II, it was declared that
 all the lands, tenements and heredita-
 ments of which any of the adventurers
 were possessed on May 7, 1659, having
 been allotted or set out to them or en-
 joyed by them as adventurers in satis-
 faction of and for their adventures shall
 be confirmed and made good to them,
 their heirs and assigns forever. The ad-
 venturers were those who advanced
 money on the credit of the act of 17
 Charles I for the encouragement of ad-
 venturers whereby the lands of the rebels
 were vested in the crown.

Two million and a half acres were so
 allotted and confiscated, of which a mil-
 lion were in Connacht, and the bogs,
 woods, loughs and barren mountains
 were to be cast into these 2,500,000,
 and fifty acres on each townland were
 divided. Six hundred and fifty thou-
 sand acres in each province were to be
 divided in equal lots among the adven-
 turers, and any adventurer in Connacht
 who had 5,000 acres and power to erect
 a manor court, with court baron and
 court leet and other privileges. In 1652
 the English parliament published an
 ordinance for the settling of Ireland in
 vesting secured land work not their
 intention to extirpate the whole na-
 tion."

Almost all the Papists who were
 worth \$50 were divided into four classes:
 (1) All persons who before Nov. 19,
 1642, had contracted the County of Gal-
 way, and who had been in the army
 bearing arms for the English. (2) All who
 bore arms against the parliament were
 to be banished and two-thirds of their
 estates forfeited. (3) All who had not
 manifested constant good affection to
 the interests of the commonwealth of
 England were to forfeit one-third of
 their estates. (4) All persons who re-
 sided in Ireland and had not been in
 the army and manifested good affection
 to the interests of the parliament were
 to forfeit one-third.

On June 1 a further confiscation was
 carried out and under it, as Mr. Kelly
 showed, the County of Galway, which
 of the annual value of \$50,125, or
 \$417,640 total value, were confiscated.
 Grants were made to Williamite sup-
 porters, and among those who got some
 was the Earl of Galway, who got 36,148
 acres in consideration of his services.
 Not an acre of the land is in his suc-
 cessor's hands today. A great deal of
 the woods of Ireland were then deli-
 cious, and the destruction of the waste
 committed. Among the woods thus dis-
 posed of were the Earl of Clanmarty's
 woods in grant to Lord Woodstock,
 computed at \$135,000, and the woods of
 O'Shaughnessy valued at \$60,000, and
 sold to Toby Butler for \$125,000.

Birds and Their Toes.

(Strang Magazine.)
 And let us note that the art of stand-
 ing began with birds. Birds sit and
 lie as far as I know every reptile, be it
 lizard, crocodile, alligator or tortoise,
 lays its body on the ground when not
 actually carrying it. And these have
 each four fat legs. Contrast the fla-
 gging, which has only two, and those
 like yellow wrens, tucks up one of
 them and sleeps poised high on the
 other, like a tulip on its stem. Note
 also that one toe has been altogether
 discarded by birds as superfluous. The
 germ, or bud, must be there, for the
 Dorking fowl has produced a fifth toe
 under some influence of the poultry
 yard, but no natural bird has more
 than four. Except in swarms, which
 never perch, but cling to rocks and
 walls, one is turned backward, and by
 a cunning contrivance the act of bend-
 ing the leg draws them all automati-
 cally together. So a hen crouches in
 every step takes as if it grasped
 something, and, of course, when it set-
 tles down on its roost they grasp that
 tight and hold fast till morning. But
 to birds that do not perch this mecha-
 nism is only an unnecessary waste of
 energy, and they have lost it. Many
 of them, like the plover, abolish the hin-
 der entirely, and the price of all two-
 legged runners, the ostrich, has got rid
 of one of the front toes also, retaining
 only two.

Monkey on a Big Stick.

(New York American.)
 Maggie, an untamed monkey exhib-
 ited in a museum on Fourteenth street,
 broke away from her trainer, Don Glav-
 anis, yesterday, and started out to
 emulate the feats of Cook and Peary by
 discovering the pole. Her discovery
 was attended with spectacular features,
 and for two hours she entertained a
 crowd that filled the street from Third
 and Fourth avenues, watching her climb
 up and down the forty-five-foot flag-
 staff on the roof of the German-Amer-
 ican bank building.

Maggie was finally rescued by Ste-
 phen Walter Weaver of Camden, N. J.
 Weaver saw the monkey on her
 perch and offered to bring her down for
 \$5. He climbed up, and after a short
 tussle, caught the ape and climbed
 down with her. The monkey resisted
 capture by scratching and biting at her
 captor.

The capture was the windup of an
 all-night spree indulged in by Maggie.
 She like many Wednesday night from
 the platform where she had been per-
 forming and hid in the attic of the
 building. About noon yesterday she
 got out on the roof of the museum
 building, which adjoins the bank, and
 climbed over the picket fence that sepa-
 rates the buildings to the roof of the
 bank. From there it was one jump to
 the pole.

The Heart of a Child.

There is nothing theatrical about
 Maude Adams. A thousand persons
 might meet her in the street and not
 one would think of her as an actress.
 She rarely walks about. To and from
 the theatre she always travels in a
 cab. She is intensely American. Every-
 thing she wears must be of American
 make. Never did she wear hat or gown
 made in Paris. She would rather have
 the applause and the love of children
 than the glory of the stage. Once during
 the height of the run of "Peter Pan,"
 when seats could not be had for love
 or money, a woman friend who has two
 children and whose means are limited,
 wrote to Maude Adams, asking her to
 come to the theatre and read the ac-
 companying story of "Peter Pan," ex-
 planatory of the play, before going to
 the theatre.

The children and the mother saw the
 play and after the performance Mr.
 Myers was waiting for them at the
 door.</